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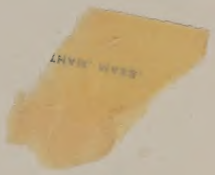

"NOT IN CLASSIC LORE, BUT RICH IN
THE CHILD-SAGAS OF THE KITCHEN."

28

THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Illustrated by J.W.VAWTER

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1915

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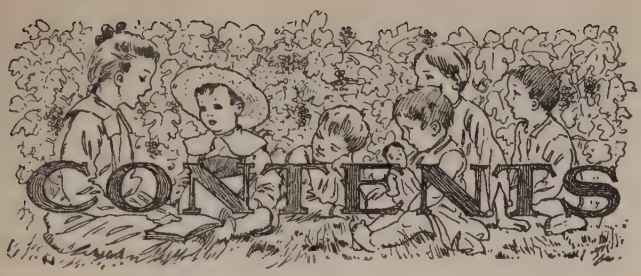
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED
TO
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

You who to the rounded prime
Of a life of toil and stress,
Still have kept the morning-time
Of glad youth in heart and spirit,
So your laugh, as children hear it,
Seems their own, no less,—
Take this book of childish rhyme—
The Book of Joyous Children.

Their first happiness on earth
Here is echoed — their first glee:
Rich, in sooth, the volume's worth —
Not in classic lore, but rich in
The child-sagas of the kitchen;—
Therefore, take from me
To your heart of childish mirth
The Book of Joyous Children.



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THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

BOUND and bordered in leaf-green,
Edged with trellised buds and flowers
And glad Summer-gold, with clean
White and purple morning-glories
Such as suit the songs and stories
Of this book of ours,
Unrevised in text or scene,—
The Book of Joyous Children.

Wild and breathless in their glee—
Lawless rangers of all ways
Winding through lush greenery
Of Elysian vales—the viny,
Bowery groves of shady, shiny
Haunts of childish days.
Spread and read again with me
The Book of Joyous Children.

What a whir of wings, and what
Sudden drench of dews upon
The young brows, wreathed, all unsought,
With the apple-blossom garlands
Of the poets of those far lands
Whence all dreams are drawn
Set herein and soiling not
The Book of Joyous Children.

In their blithe companionship
Taste again, these pages through,
The hot honey on your lip
Of the sun-smit wild strawberry,
Or the chill tart of the cherry;
Kneel, all glowing, to
The cool spring, and with it sip
The Book of Joyous Children.

As their laughter needs no rule,
So accept their language, pray.—
Touch it not with any tool:
Surely we may understand it,—
As the heart has parsed or scanned it
Is a worthy way,
Though found not in any School
The Book of Joyous Children.

"KNEEL, ALL GLOWING, TO THE COOL SPRING."

Be a truant—know no place
Of prison under heaven's rim!
Front the Father's smiling face—
Smiling, that *you* smile the brighter
For the heavy hearts made lighter,
Since you smile with Him.
Take—and thank Him for His grace—
The Book of Joyous Children.

AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY-TALE

When I wuz ist a little bit
o' weenty-teenty kid
I maked up a Fairy-tale,
all by myse'f, I did:—

I

Wunst upon a time wunst
They wuz a Fairy King,
An' ever'thing he have wuz
gold—
His clo'es, an' *ever*'thing!
An' all the other Fairies
In his goldun Palace-hall
Had to hump an' hustle—
'Cause he wuz bosst of all!

II

He have a goldun trumput,
An' when he blow' on
that,
It 's a sign he want' his
boots,
Er his coat er hat:

They 's a sign fer ever'thing,—
An' all the Fairies knowed
Ever' sign, an' come a-hoppin'
When the King blowed!

III

Wunst he blowed an' telled
'em all:
"Saddle up yer bees—
Fireflies is gittin' fat
An' sassy as you please!—
Guess we 'll go a-huntin'!"

So they hunt' a little bit,
Till the King blowed "Sup-
per-time,"
Nen they all quit.

IV

Nen they have a Banqut
In the Palace-hall,
An' ist et! an' et! an' et!
Nen they have a *Ball;*
An' when the *Queen* o' Fairyland
Come p'omenadin' through,
The King says an' halts her,—
"Guess I 'll marry you!"

DREAM-MARCH

Was n't it a funny dream !—perfectly bewild'rin' !—
Last night, and night before, and night before that,
Seemed like I saw the march o' regiments o' children,
Marching to the robin's fife and cricket's rat-ta-tat !

Lily-banners overhead, with the dew upon 'em,
On flashed the little army, as with sword and flame ;
Like the buzz o' bumble-wings, with the honey on 'em,
Came an eerie, cheery chant, chiming as it came :—

Where go the children? Travelling!
Travelling!
Where go the children, travelling ahead?
Some go to kindergarten; some go to day-school;
Some go to night-school; and some go to bed!

nooth roads or rough roads,
warm or winter weather,
On go the children, tow-head
and brown,
ave boys and brave girls, rank
and file together,
Marching out of Morning-Land,
over dale and down:

Some go a-gypsying out in country places—
Out through the orchards, with blossoms on the boughs
Wild, sweet, and pink and white as their own glad faces;
And some go, at evening, calling home the cows.

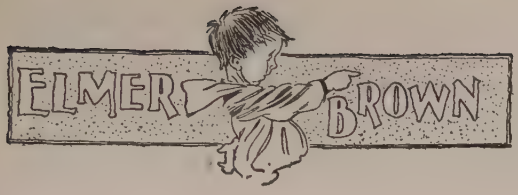
Where go the children? Travelling! Travelling!
Where go the children, travelling ahead?
Some go to foreign wars, and camps by the firelight—
Some go to glory so; and some go to bed!

me go through grassy lanes
leading to the city—

DREAM-MARCH

Thinner grow the green trees
and thicker grows the dust;
Ever, though, to little people
any path is pretty
So it leads to newer lands, as
they know it must.
Some go to singing less; some
go to list'ning;
Some go to thinking over ever-
nobler themes;
Some go anhungered, but ever
bravely whistling,
Turning never home again only in their dreams.

Where go the children? Travelling! Travelling!
Where go the children, travelling ahead?
Some go to conquer things; some go to try them;
Some go to dream them; and some go to bed!



Awf'lest boy in this-here town
Er anywheres is Elmer Brown!
He 'll mock you—yes, an' strangers, too,
An' make a face an' yell at you,—
"*Here 's* the way *you* look!"

Yes, an' wunst in School one day,
An' Teacher 's lookin' wite that way,
He helt his slate, an' hide his head,
An' maked a face at *her*, an' said,—
"*Here 's* the way *you* look!"

An'-sir! when Rosie Wheeler smile
One morning at him 'crosst the aisle,
He twist his face all up, an' black
His nose wiv ink, an' whisper back,—
"*Here 's* the way *you* look!"

Wunst when his Aunt 's all dressed to call,
An' kiss him good-bye in the hall,
An' latch the gate an' start away,
He holler out to her an' say,—
"*Here 's* the way *you* look!"

An' when his Pa he read out loud
The speech he maked, an' feel so proud
It 's in the paper—Elmer's Ma
She ketched him—wite behind his Pa,—
"*Here 's* the way *you* look!"

Nen when his Ma she slip an' take
Him in the other room an' shake
Him good! w'y, he don't care—no-*sir!*—
He ist look up an' laugh at her,—
"*Here 's* the way *you* look!"

NO BOY KNOWS

THERE are many things that boys may know—
Why this and that are thus and so,—
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it:
Boys know new things every day—
When they study, or when they play,—
When they idle, or sow and reap—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least,—
May know that the round old earth rolls East;—
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain—
Ever repeating their parts again—
Are all just water the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,

When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;—
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then—
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

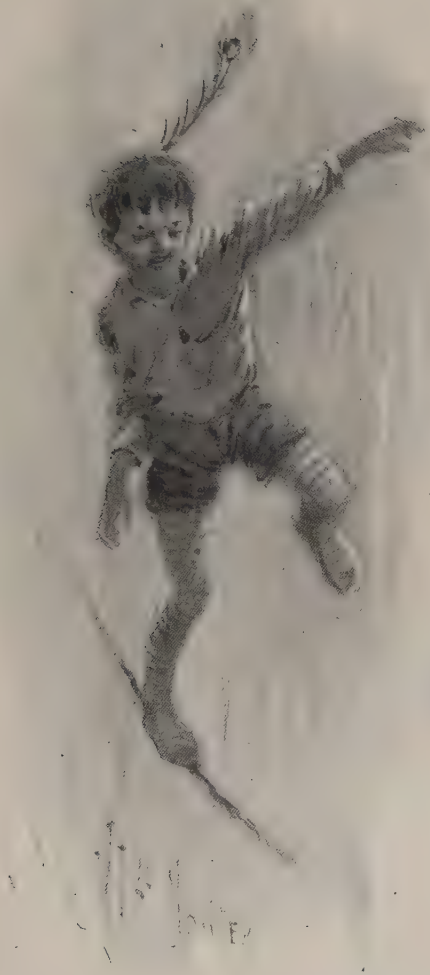
Was n't it a good time,
Long Time Ago—
When we all were little tads
And first played "Show"!—
When every newer day
Wore as bright a glow
As the ones we laughed away—
Long Time Ago!

Calf was in the back-lot;
Clover in the red;
Bluebird in the pear-tree;
Pigeons on the shed;
Tom a-chargin' twenty pins
At the barn; and Dan
Spraddled out just like "The
'Injarubber'-Man!"

Me and Bub and Rusty,
Eck and Dunk and Sid,
'Tumblin' on the sawdust
Like the A-rabs did;

Jamesy on the slack-rope
In a wild retreat,
Grappling back, to start again—
When he chalked his feet!

Was n't Eck a wonder,
In his stocking-tights?



"JAMESY ON THE SLACK-ROPE."

WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

Was n't Dunk—his leaping lion—
Chief of all delights?
Yes, and was n't "Little Mack"
Boss of all the Show,—
Both Old Clown and Candy-Butcher—
Long Time Ago!

Sid the Bareback-Rider;
And—oh-me-oh-*my!*—
Bub, the spruce Ring-master,
Stepping round so spry!—
In his little waist-and-trousers
All made in one,
Was there a prouder youngster
Under the sun!

And NOW—who will tell me,—
Where are they all?
Dunk 's a sanatorium doctor,
Up at Waterfall;
Sid 's a city street-contractor;
Tom has fifty clerks;
And Jamesy he 's the "Iron Magnate"
Of "The Hecla Works."

And Bub 's old and bald now,
Yet still he hangs on,—

WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

Dan and Eck and "Little Mack,"
Long, long gone!
But was n't it a good time,
Long Time Ago—
When we all were little tads
And first played "Show"!

A DIVERTED TRAGEDY

GRACIE wuz allus a *careless* tot;
But Gracie dearly loved her doll,
An' played wiv it on the winder-sill
'Way up-stairs, when she ought to *not*,
An' her muvver *telled* her so an' all;
But she won't *mind* what *she* say—till,
First thing she know, her dolly fall

Clean spang out o' the winder plumb
Into the street! An' here Grace come
Down-stairs, two at a time, ist wild
An' a-screamin', "Oh, my child! my child!"

Jule wuz a-bringin' their basket o' clo'es
Ist then into their hall down there,—

An' she ist stop' when Gracie bawl,
An' Jule she say "She ist declare
She 's ist in time!" An' what you s'pose?
She sets her basket down in the hall,
An' wite on top o' the snowy clo'es
Wuz Gracie's dolly a-layin' there
An' ist ain't bu'st ner hurt a-tall!

Nen Gracie smiled—ist *sobbed* an' smiled—
An' cried, "My child! my precious child!"

THE RAMBO-TREE

When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—
The bird sings low as the bumble-bee—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—
The poor shote-pig he says, says he :
"When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree
There 's enough for you and enough for me."—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

For just two truant lads like we,
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree
There 's enough for you and enough for me—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—
The mole digs out to peep and see—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—
The dusk sags down, and the moon swings free,
There 's a far, lorn call, "Pig-*gee !* Pig-*gee !*"
And two boys—glad enough for three.—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

THE RAMBO-TREE

For just two truant lads like we,
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree
There 's enough for you and enough for me—
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

FIND THE FAVORITE

Our three cats is Maltese cats,
An' they 's two that 's white,—
An' bofe of 'em 's *deef*—an' that 's
'Cause their *eyes* ain't right.—

Uncle say that *Huxley* say
Eyes of *white* Maltese—
When they don't match thataway—
They 're deef as you please!

FIND THE FAVORITE

Girls, they like our white cats best,
'Cause they 're white as snow,
Yes, an' look the stylishest—
But they 're deef, you know!

They don't know their names, an' don't
Hear us when we call
"Come in, Nick an' Finn!"—they won't
Come fer us at all!

But our *other* cat, *he* knows
Mister Nick an' Finn,—
Mowg 's *his* name,—an' when *he* goes
Fer 'em, they come in!

Mowgli 's *all* his name—the same
Me an' Muvver took
Like the Wolf-Child's *other* name,
In "The Jungul Book."

I bet Mowg 's the smartest cat
In the world!—*He 's* not
White, but mousy-plush, with that
Smoky gloss he 's got!

All 's got little bells to ring,
Round their neck; but none

Only Mowg *knows* anything—
  He 's the only one!

I ist 'spect sometimes he hate
  White cats' stupid ways:—
He won't hardly 'sociate
  With 'em, lots o' days!

Mowg wants in where *we* air,—well,
  He 'll ist take his paw
An' ist ring an' ring his bell
  There till me er Ma

Er *some*body lets him in
  Nen an' shuts the door.—
An', when he wants out ag'in,
  Nen he 'll ring some more.

Ort to hear our Katy tell!
  She sleeps 'way up-stairs;
An' last night she hear Mowg's bell
  Ringin' round *some*wheres. . . .

Trees grows by her winder.—So,
  She lean out an' see
Mowg up there, 'way out, you know,
  In the clingstone-tree;—

An'-sir! he ist *hint* an' *ring*,—
Till she ketch an' plat
Them limbs;—nen he crawl an' spring
In where Katy 's at!

THE BOY PATRIOT

I WANT to be a Soldier!—
A Soldier!—
A Soldier!—
I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band;
I want to hear, high overhead, The Old Flag flap her wings
While all the Army, following, in chorus cheers and sings;
I want to hear the tramp and jar
Of patriots a million,
As gayly dancing off to war
As dancing a cotillion.

I want to be a Soldier!—
A Soldier!—
A Soldier!—
I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band.

I want to see the battle!—
The battle!—
The battle!—
I want to see the battle, and be in it to the end;—
I want to hear the cannon clear their throats and
catch the prattle
Of all the pretty compliments the enemy can send!—
And then I know my wits will go,—and where I
should n't be—
Well, there 's the spot, in any fight, that you may
search for me.
So, when our foes have had their fill,
Though I 'm among the dying,
To see The Old Flag flying still,
I 'll laugh to leave her flying!

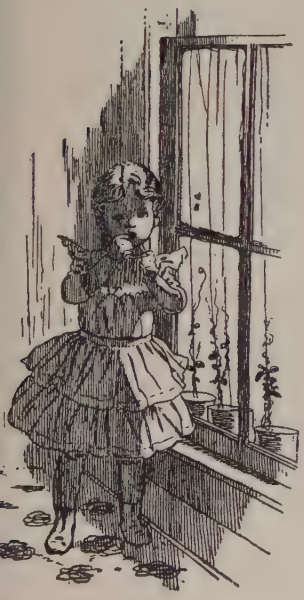
I want to be a Soldier!—
A Soldier!—
A Soldier!—
I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band.

EXTREMES

I

A LITTLE boy once played so loud
That the Thunder, up in a thunder-cloud,
Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why, then

I 'll never, never thunder again!"



II

And a little girl once kept so still
That she heard a fly on the window-sill
Whisper and say to a lady-bird,—
"She 's the stilliest child I ever heard!"

INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS

PARUNTS knows lots more than us,
  But they don't know *all* things,—
'Cause we ketch 'em, lots o' times,
  Even on little small things.

One time Winnie ask' her Ma,
  At the winder, sewin',
What 's the wind a-doin' when
  It 's a-not a-*blowin'* ?

Yes, an' 'Del', that very day,
  When we 're nearly froze out,
He ask' Uncle *where* it goes
  When the fire goes out?

Nen *I* run to ask my Pa,
  That way, somepin' funny;
But I can't say ist but "Say,"
When he turn to me an' say,
  "Well, what is it, Honey?"

"*WHERE* IT GOES
WHEN THE FIRE GOES OUT?"

A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

SCENE.—*A kitchen.—Group of Children, popping corn.—The Fairy Queen of the Seasons discovered in the smoke of the corn-popper.—Waving her wand, and, with eerie, sharp, imperious ejaculations, addressing the bespelled auditors, who neither see nor hear her nor suspect her presence.*

QUEEN

SUMMER or Winter or Spring or Fall,—
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE JASPER

When I 'm dressed warm as warm can be,
And with boots, to go
Through the deepest snow,
Winter-time is the time for me!

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MILDRED

I like blossoms, and birds that sing;
The grass and the dew,
And the sunshine, too,—
So, best of all I like the Spring.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MANDEVILLE

O little friends, I most rejoice
When I hear the drums
As the Circus comes,—
So Summer-time 's my special choice.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE EDITH

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,
And grapes of blue
That the bee stings through.—
Fall—it is all that my heart can hold!

"THE FAIRY QUEEN OF THE SEASONS."

QUEEN

Soh ! my lovelings and pretty dears,
You 've *each* a favorite, it appears,—
Summer and Winter and Spring and Fall.—
That 's the reason I send them *all !*

THOMAS THE PRETENDER

Tommy 's alluz playin' jokes,
An' actin' up, an' foolin' folks;
An' wunst one time he creep
In Pa's big chair, he did, one night,
An' squint an' shut his eyes bofe tight,
An' say, "Now I 'm asleep."
An' nen we knowed, an' Ma know' too,
He *ain't* asleep no more 'n you!

An' wunst he clumbed on our back-fence
An' flop his arms an' nen commence
To crow, like he 's a hen;
But when he falled off, like he done,
He did n't fool us childern none,
Ner did n't *crow* again.
An' our Hired Man, as he come by,
Says, "Tom can't *crow*, but he kin *cry*."

"'PORE PA! PORE PA!'"

An' one time wunst Tom 'tend'-like he 's
His Pa an' goin' to rob the bees;
  An', first he know—oh, dear!
They ist come swarmin' out o' there
An' sting him, an' stick in his hair—
  An' one got in his yeer!—
An' Uncle sigh an' say to Ma,
An' grease the welts, "Pore Pa! pore Pa!"

LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

WHEN Dicky was sick
  In the night, and the clock,
As he listened, said "Tick-
  Atty—tick-atty—tock!"
He said that *it* said,
  Every time it said "Tick,"
It said "Sick," instead,
  And he *heard* it say "Sick!"
And when it said "Tick-
  Atty—tick-atty—tock,"
He said it said "Sick-
  Atty—sick-atty—sock!"
And he tried to *see* then,
  But the light was too dim,
Yet he *heard* it again—
  And 't was *talking* to him!

And then it said "Sick-
  Atty—sick-atty—sick!
You poor little Dick-
  Atty—Dick-atty—Dick!—
Have you got the hick-
  Atties? Hi! send for Doc

To hurry up quick-
Atty—quick-atty—quock,
And heat a hot brick-
Atty—brick-atty—brock,

And rikle-ty wrap it
And clickle-ty clap it
Against his cold feet-
Al-ty—weep-aty—eepaty—
There he goes, slapit-
Ty—slippaty—sleepaty!"

FOOL-YOUNGENS

Me an' Bert an' Minnie-Belle
Knows a joke, an' we won't tell!
No, we don't—'cause we don't know
Why we got to laughin' so;
But we got to laughin' so,
We ist kep' a-laughin'.

Wind wuz blowin' in the tree—
An' wuz only ist us three
Playin' there; an' ever' one
Ketched each other, like we done,
Squintin' up there at the sun
Like we wuz a-laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway;
But I laughed, an' so did they—
An' we all three laughed, an' nen
Squint' our eyes an' laugh' again:
Ner we did n't ist *p'ten'*—
We wuz *shore-'nough* laughin'.

"SQUINT' OUR EYES AN' LAUGH' AGAIN."

FOOL-YOUNGENS

We ist laugh' an' laugh', tel Bert
Say he *can't* quit an' it hurt.
Nen I *howl*, an' Minnie-Belle
She tear up the grass a spell
An' ist stop her yeers an' *yell*
Like she 'd *die* a-laughin'.

Never sich fool-youngens yit!
Nothin' funny,—not a bit!—
But we laugh' so, tel we whoop'
Purt'-nigh like we have the croup—
All so hoarse we 'd wheeze an' whoop
An' ist *choke* a-laughin'.

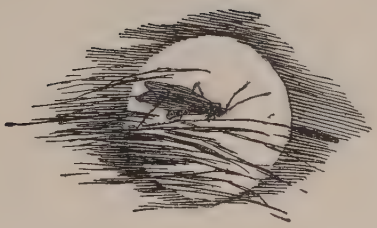
THE KATYDIDS

SOMETIMES I keep
From going to sleep,
To hear the katydids "cheep-cheep!"
And think they say
Their prayers that way;
But *katydids* don't have to *pray!*

I listen when
They cheep again;
And so, I think, they 're
singing then!
But, no; I 'm wrong,—
The sound 's too long
And all-alike to be a
song!

I think, "Well, there!
I do declare,
If it is neither song nor
prayer,
It 's *talk*—and quite
Too vain and light
For me to listen to all
night!"

And so, I smile,
And think,—"Now I 'll
Not listen for a little while!"—
Then, sweet and clear,
Next "*cheep*" I hear
'S a *kiss*. . . . Good morning, Mommy dear!



BILLY AND HIS DRUM

Ho ! it 's come, kids, come !
With a bim ! bam ! bum !
Here 's little Billy bangin' on his
big bass drum !
He 's a-marchin' round the room,
With his feather-duster plume
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his
bim ! bom ! boom !

Looky, little Jane an' Jim !
Will you only look at him,
A-humpin' an' a-thumpin' with his
bam ! bom ! bim !
Has the Day o' Judgment come
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um ?
Er is it only Billy with his
bim ! bam ! bum !

"HE 'S A-MARCHIN' ROUND THE ROOM."

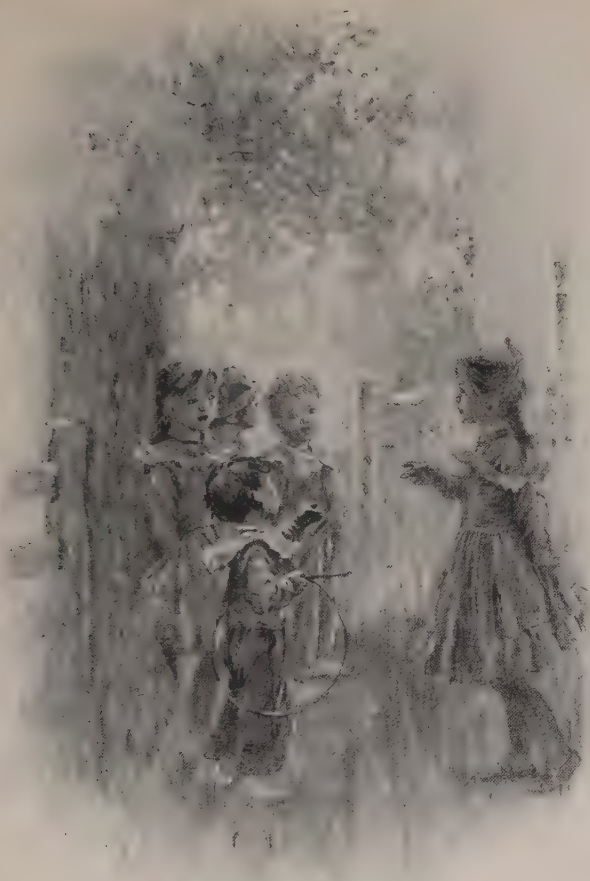
BILLY AND HIS DRUM

I 'm a-comin' ; yes, I am—
Jim an' Sis, an' Jane an' Sam !
We 'll all march off with Billy an' his
bom ! bim ! bam !
Come hur*raw*in' as you come,
Er they 'll think you 're deef-an'-dumb
Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his
big bass drum !

THE NOBLE OLD ELM

O Big Old Tree, so tall an' fine,
  Where all us childern swings an' plays,
Though neighbers says you 're on the line
  Between Pa's house an' Mr. Gray's,—
Us childern used to almost fuss,
  Old Tree, about you when we 'd play.—
We 'd argy you belonged to *us*,
  An' them Gray-kids the other way!

Till *Elsie*, one time *she* wuz here
  An' playin' wiv us—Don't you mind,
Old Mister Tree?—an' purty near
  She scolded us the hardest kind
Fer quar'llin' 'bout you thataway,
  An' say *she 'll* find—ef we 'll keep still—
Whose tree you air *fer shore*, she say,
  An' settle it *fer good*, she will!



"THE OLD TREE SAYS HE 'S *ALL* OUR TREE."

So all keep still: An' nen she gone
An' pat the Old Tree, an' says she,—
"Whose air you, Tree?" an' nen let on
Like she 's a-list'nin' to the Tree,—
An' nen she say, "It 's settled,—'cause
The Old Tree says he 's *all* our tree—
His *trunk* belongs to bofe your Pas,
But *shade* belongs to you an' me."

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS

When little 'Pollus Morton he 's
A-go' to speak a piece, w'y, nen

The Teacher smiles an' says 'at she 's
  Most proud, of all her little men
An' women in her school—'cause 'Poll
He allus speaks the best of all.

An' nen she 'll pat him on the cheek,
  An' hold her finger up at you
Before he speak' ; an' *when* he speak'
  It 's ist some piece *she* learn' him to !
'Cause he 's her favor-ite. . . . An' she
Ain't pop'lar as she *ust* to be !

When 'Pollus Morton speaks, w'y, nen
  Ist all the other childern knows
They 're smart as him an' smart-again !—
  Ef they *can't* speak an' got fine clo'es,
Their Parunts loves 'em more 'n 'Poll-
Us Morton, Teacher, speech, an' all !

EVENSONG

Lay away the story,—
  Though the theme is sweet,
There 's a lack of something yet,
  Leaves it incomplete :—
There 's a nameless yearning—
  Strangely undefined—
For a story sweeter still
  Than the written kind.

Therefore read no longer—
  I 've no heart to hear
But just something you make up,
  O my mother dear.—
With your arms around me,
  Hold me, folded-eyed,—
Only let your voice go on—
  I 'll be satisfied.

"THEREFORE READ NO LONGER."

"IGO AND AGO"

WE 'RE The Twins from Aunt Marinn's,
Igo and Ago.
When Dad comes, the show begins!—
Iram, coram, dago.

Dad he says he named us two
Igo and Ago
For a poem he always knew,
Iram, coram, dago.

Then he was a braw Scotchman—
Igo and Ago.—
Now he 's Scotch-Amer-i-can.
Iram, coram, dago.

"Hey!" he cries, and pats his knee,
"Igo and Ago,
My twin bairnies, ride wi' me—
Iram, coram, dago!"

"Here," he laughs, "ye 've each a leg,
Igo and Ago,
Gleg as Tam O'Shanter's 'Meg'!
Iram, coram, dago!"

Then we mount, with shrieks of mirth—
Igo and Ago,—
The two gladdest twins on earth!
Iram, coram, dago.

Wade and Silas-Walker cry,—
"Igo and Ago—
Annie 's kissin' 'em 'good-bye'!"—
Iram, coram, dago.

Aunty waves us fond farewells.—
"Igo and Ago,"
Granny pipes, "tak care yersels!"
Iram, coram, dago.

THE LITTLE LADY

O The Little Lady 's dainty
As the picture in a book,
And her hands are creamy-whiter
Than the water-lilies look;
Her laugh 's the undrown'd music
Of the maddest meadow-brook.—
Yet all in vain I praise The Little Lady!

Her eyes are blue and dewy
As the glimmering Summer-dawn,—
Her face is like the eglantine
Before the dew is gone;
And were that honied mouth of hers
A bee's to feast upon,
He 'd be a bee bewildered, Little Lady!

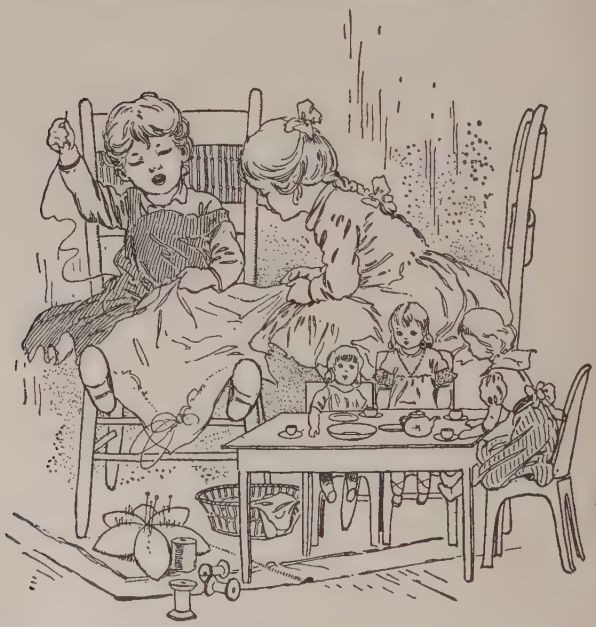
Her brow makes light look sallow;
And the sunshine, I declare,
Is but a yellow jealousy
Awakened by her hair—
For O the dazzling glint of it
Nor sight nor soul can bear,—
So Love goes groping for The Little Lady.

"SHE 'S BUT A RACING SCHOOL-GIRL."

And yet she 's neither Nymph nor Fay,
  Nor yet of Angelkind :—
She 's but a racing school-girl, with
  Her hair blown out behind
And tremblingly unbraided by
  The fingers of the Wind,
As it wildly swoops upon The Little Lady.

"COMPANY MANNERS"

When Bess gave her Dollies a Tea, said she,—
"It 's unpolite, when they 's Company,
To say you 've drinked *two* cups, you see,—
But say you 've drinked *a couple* of tea."



IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS

PICNICS is fun 'at 's purty hard
to beat.
I purt'-nigh ruther go to them
than *eat*.
I purt'-nigh ruther go
to them than go
With our Char*lotty* to the Trick-
Dog Show.

THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

When we hear Uncle Sidney tell
About the long-ago
An' old, old friends he loved so well
When *he* was young—My-oh!—
Us childern all wish *we 'd* 'a' bin
A-livin' then with Uncle,—so
We could a-kindo' happened in
On them old friends he used to know!—
The good, old-fashioned people—
The hale, hard-working people—
The kindly country people
'At Uncle used to know!

They was God's people, Uncle says,
An' gloried in His name,
An' worked, without no selfishness,
An' loved their neighbers same
As they was kin: An' when they biled
Their tree-molasses, in the Spring,
Er butchered in the Fall, they smiled
An' sheered with all jist ever'thing!—

"THEY WAS GOD'S PEOPLE."

THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

The good, old-fashioned people—
The hale, hard-working people—
The kindly country people
'At Uncle used to know!

He tells about 'em, lots o' times,
Till we 'd all ruther hear
About 'em than the Nurs'ry Rhymes
Er Fairies—mighty near!—
Only sometimes he stops so long
An' then talks on so low an' slow,
It 's purt'-nigh sad as any song
To listen to him talkin' so
Of the good, old-fashioned people—
The hale, hard-working people—
The kindly country people
'At Uncle used to know!

THE BEST TIMES

WHEN Old Folks they wuz young
like us
An' little as you an' me,—

Them wuz the best times
ever wuz
Er ever goin' to be!

"HIK-TEE-DIK!"

THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY AND BUDDY

When two little boys—renowned but for noise—
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—
May hurt a whole school,
and the head it employs,
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and
Buddy!
Such loud and hilarious
pupils indeed
Need learning—and yet
something further they
need,
Though fond hearts that love them may sorrow and
bleed.
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

O the schoolmarm was cool, and in no wise a fool;
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!
And in ruling her ranks it was *her* rule to *rule;*
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

So when these two pupils conspired, every day,
Some mad piece of mischief, with whoop and hoo-ray,
That hurt yet defied her,—how happy were they!—
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

At the ring of the bell they 'd rush in with a yell—
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!
And they'd bang the school-door till the plastering fell,
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!
They 'd clinch as they came, and pretend not to see
As they knocked her desk over—then, *My!* and *O-me!*
How awfully sorry they 'd both seem to be!
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

This trick seemed so neat and so safe a conceit,—
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—
They played it three times — though the third they were beat;
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!
For the teacher, she righted her desk —raised the lid
And folded and packed away each little kid—
Closed the incident so—yes, and locked it, she did—
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

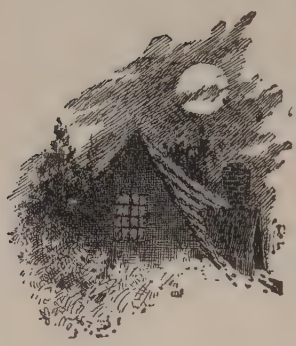
Pa he bringed me here to stay
'Til my Ma she 's well.—An' nen
He 's go' hitch up, Chris'mus-day,
An' come take me back again
Wher' my Ma 's at! Won't I be
Tickled when he comes fer me!

My Ma an' my A'nty they
'Uz each-uvver's sisters. Pa—
A'nty telled me, th' other day,—
He comed here an' married Ma. . . .
A'nty said nen, "Go run play,
I must work now!" . . . An' I saw,
When she turn' her face away,
She 'uz cryin'.—An' nen I
'Tend-like I "run play"—an' cry.

This-here house o' A'nty's wher'
They 'uz borned—my Ma an' her!—
An' her Ma 'uz my Ma's Ma,
An' her Pa 'uz my Ma's Pa—

Ain't that funny?—An' they 're dead:
An' this-here 's "th' ole Homestead."—
An' my A'nty said, an' cried,
It 's mine, too, ef my Ma died—
Don't know what she mean—'cause my
Ma she 's nuvver go' to die!

When Pa bringed me here 't 'uz night—
'Way dark night! An' A'nty spread
Me a piece—an' light the light
An' say I must go to bed.—
I cry not to—but Pa said,
"Be good boy now, like you telled
Mommy 'at you 're go' to be!"
An', when he 'uz kissin' me
My good night, his cheek's all wet
An' taste salty.—An' he held
Wite close to me an' rocked some
An' laughed-like—'til A'nty come
Git me while he 's rockin' yet.



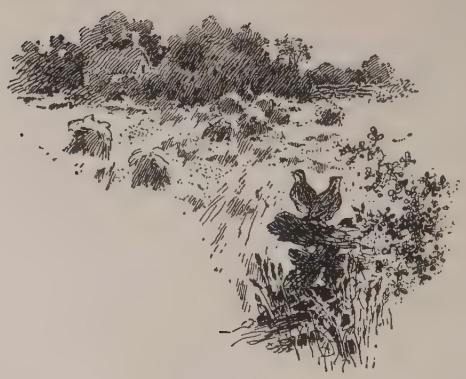
A'nty he'p me, 'til I be
Purt'-nigh strip-pud—nen hug me
In bofe arms an' lif' me 'way
Up in her high bed—an' pray
Wiv me,—'bout my Ma—an' Pa—
An' ole Santy Claus—an' Sleigh—
An' Reindeers an' little Drum—
Yes, an' Picture-books, "Tom Thumb,"
An' "Three Bears," an' ole "Fee-Faw"—

Yes, an' "Tweedle-Dee" an' "Dum,"
An' "White Knight" an' "Squidjicum,"
An' most things you ever saw!—
An' when A'nty kissed me, she
'Uz all cryin' over me!

Don't want Santy Claus—ner things
Any kind he ever brings!—
Don't want A'nty!—Don't want Pa!—
I ist only want my Ma!

"OLD BOB WHITE"

OLD Bob White 's a funny bird !—
Funniest you ever heard !—
  Hear him whistle,—"Old—Bob—*White !*"
You can hear him, clean from where
He 's 'way 'crosst the wheat-field there,
Whistlin' like he did n't care—
  "Old—Bob—*White !*"



"WHEN WE DROVE TO HARMONY."

"OLD BOB WHITE"

Whistles alluz ist the same—
So 's we won't fergit his name!—
  Hear him say it?—"Old—Bob—*White!*"
There! he 's whizzed off down the lane—
Gone back where his folks is stayin'—
Hear him?—There he goes again,—
  "Old—Bob—*White!*"

When boys ever tries to git
Clos't to him—how quick he 'll quit
  Whistlin' his "Old—Bob—*White!*"
"*Whoo-rhoo-rhoo!*" he 's up an' flew,
Ist a-purt'-nigh skeerin' you
Into fits!—'At 's what he 'll do.—
  "Old—Bob—*White!*"

Wunst our Hired Man an' me,
When we drove to Harmony,
  Saw one, whistlin' "Old—Bob—*White!*"
An' we drove *wite clos't*, an' I
Saw him an' he *did n't* fly,—
Birds likes horses, an' that 's why.
  "Old—Bob—*White!*"

One time, Uncle Sidney says,
Wunst he rob' a Bob White's nes'
  Of the eggs of "Old Bob White";

Nen he hatched 'em wiv a hen
An' her little chicks, an' nen
They ist all flewed off again!
"Old—Bob—*White!*"

[1869]

I

ONE OF HIS ANIMAL STORIES

Now, Tudens, you sit on *this* knee—and 'scuse
It having no side-saddle on;—and, Jeems,
You sit on *this*—and don't you wobble so
And chug my old shins with your coppertoes;—
And, all the rest of you, range round someway,—
Ride on the rockers and hang to the arms
Of our old-time splint-bottom carryall!—
Do anything but *squabble* for a place,
Or push or shove or scrouge, or breathe *out loud*,
Or chew wet, or knead taffy in my beard!—
Do *any*thing almost—act *any*way,—
Only *keep still*, so I can hear myself
Trying to tell you "just one story more!"

One winter afternoon my father, with
A whistle to our dog, a shout to us—
His two boys—six and eight years old we were,—
Started off to the woods, a half a mile
From home, where he was chopping wood. We raced,

We slipped and slid; reaching, at last, the north
Side of Tharp's corn-field.—There we struck what
seemed
To be a coon-track—so we all agreed:
And father, who was not a hunter, to
Our glad surprise, proposed we follow it.
The snow was quite five inches deep; and we,
Keen on the trail, were soon far in the woods.
Our old dog, "Ring," ran nosing the fresh track
With whimpering delight, far on ahead.
After following the trail more than a mile
To northward, through the thickest winter woods
We boys had ever seen,—all suddenly
He seemed to strike *another* trail; and then
Our joyful attention was drawn to
Old "Ring"—leaping to this side, then to that,
Of a big, hollow, old oak-tree, which had
Been blown down by a storm some years before.
There—all at once—out leapt a lean old fox
From the black hollow of a big bent limb,—
Hey! how he scudded!—but with our old "Ring"
Sharp after him—and father after "Ring"—
We after father, near as we could hold!
And father noticed that the fox kept just
About four feet ahead of "Ring"—just *that*—
No farther, and no nearer! Then he said:—
"There are young foxes in that tree back there,

"A BIG, HOLLOW, OLD OAK-TREE, WHICH HAD BEEN BLOWN DOWN BY A STORM."

And the mother-fox is drawing 'Ring' and us
Away from their nest there!" "Oh, le' 's go back!—
Do le' 's go back!" we little vandals cried,—
"Le' 's go back, quick, and find the little things—
Please, father!—Yes, and take 'em home for pets—
'Cause 'Ring' he 'll kill the old fox anyway!"
So father turned at last, and back we went,
And father chopped a hole in the old tree
About ten feet below the limb from which
The old fox ran, and—Bless their little lives!—
There, in the hollow of the old tree-trunk—
There, on a bed of warm dry leaves and moss—
There, snug as any bug in any rug—
We found—one—two—three—four, and, yes-sir, *five*
Wee, weenty-teenty baby-foxes, with
Their eyes just barely opened—*Cute?*—my-oh!—
The cutest—the most cunning little things
Two boys ever saw, in all their lives!
"Raw weather for the little fellows *now!*"
Said father, as though talking to himself,—
"Raw weather, and no home *now!*"—And off came
His warm old "waumus"; and in that he wrapped
The helpless little animals, and held
Them soft and warm against him as he could,—
And home we happy children followed him.—
Old "Ring" did not reach home till nearly dusk:
The mother-fox had led him a long chase—

"Yes, and a fool's chase, too!" he seemed to say,
And looked ashamed to hear us *praising* him.
But, *mother*—well, we *could not* understand
Her acting as she did—and we so *pleased!*
I can see yet the look of pained surprise
And deep compassion of her troubled face
When father very gently laid his coat,
With the young foxes in it, on the hearth
Beside her, as she brightened up the fire.
She urged—for the old fox's sake and theirs—
That they be taken back to the old tree;
But father—for *our* wistful sakes, no doubt—
Said we would keep them, and would try our best
To raise them. And at once he set about
Building a snug home for the little things
Out of an old big bushel-basket, with
Its fractured handle and its stoven ribs:
So, lining and padding this all cosily,
He snuggled in its little tenants, and
Called in John Wesley Thomas, our hired man,
And gave him in full charge, with much advice
Regarding the just care and sustenance of
Young foxes.—"John," he said, "you feed 'em *milk*—
Warm milk, John Wesley! Yes, and *keep 'em by*
The stove—and keep your stove *a-roarin'*, too,
Both night and day!—And keep 'em *covered* up—
Not *smothered*, John, but snug and comfortable.—

"THE YOUNG FOXES IN IT, ON THE HEARTH BESIDE HER."

And now, John Wesley Thomas, first and last,—
You feed 'em *milk—fresh* milk—and always *warm*—
Say five or six or seven times a day—
Of course we 'll grade that by the way they *thrive*."
But, for all sanguine hope, and care, as well,
The little fellows *did not* thrive at all.—
Indeed, with *all* our care and vigilance,
By the third day of their captivity
The last survivor of the fated five
Squeaked, like some battered little rubber toy
Just clean worn out.—And that 's just what it was!

And—nights,—the cry of the mother-fox for her
young
Was heard, with awe, for long weeks afterward.
And we boys, every night, would go to the door
And, peering out in the darkness, listening,
Could hear the poor fox in the black bleak woods
Still calling for her little ones in vain.
As, all mutely, we returned to the warm fireside,
Mother would say: "How would you like for *me*
To be out there, this dark night, in the cold woods,
Calling for *my* children?"

II

UNCLE BRIGHTENS UP—

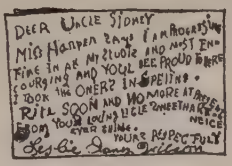
UNCLE he says 'at 'way down in the sea
Ever'thing 's ist like it *used* to be :—

He says they 's mermaids,
an' mermens, too,
An' little merchildern, like
me an' you—
Little merboys, with tops
an' balls,
An' little mergirls, with
little merdolls.

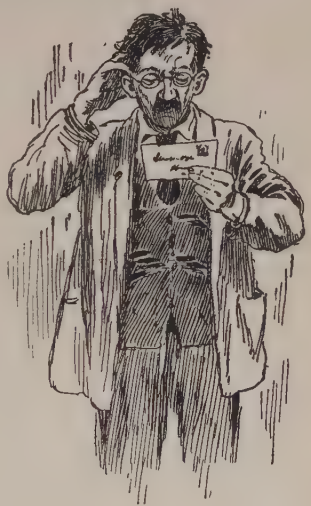
UNCLE SIDNEY 's vurry
proud
Of little Leslie-Janey,
'Cause she 's so smart, an'
goes to school
Clean 'way in Pennsylvany !

"AN' ALL BE POETS AN' ALL RECITE."

She print' an' sent a postul-
card
To Uncle Sidney, telling
How glad he 'll be to hear
that she
"Toock the onners in Speling."


DEER UNCLE SIDNEY
MIS HARPER SAYS I AM PROGRESSING
FINE IN AR NY STUDIE AND MOST EN-
COURGING AND YOUR HER PROUD TO HERE
I TOOK THE ONERS IN SPELING.
RITE SOON AND NO MORE AT PRES-
FROM YOUR LOVING NEICE SWEETHART
YOURS RESPECTFULLY

UNCLE he learns us to rhyme an' write
An' all be poets an' all re-
cite:
His little-est poet 's his
little-est niece,
An' this is her little-est poe-
try-piece.



III

SINGS A "WINKY-TOODEN" SONG—

O HERE'S a little rhyme
for the Spring- or
Summer-time—
An a-ho-winky-too
den-an-a-ho !—
Just a little bit o' tune
you can twitter
May or June,
An a-ho-winky-too
den-an-a-ho !
It 's a song that soar
and sings,
As the birds that twan
their wings
Or the katydids an
things
Thus and so, don
you know,
An a-ho-winky-to
den-an-a-ho !

It 's a song just broken loose, with no reason or
excuse—
An a-ho-winky-tooden-an-a-ho !
You can sing along with it—or it matters not a bit—
An a-ho-winky-tooden-an-a-ho !
It 's a lovely little thing
That 'most any one could sing
With a ringle-dingle-ding,
Soft and low, don't you know,
An a-ho-winky-tooden-an-a-ho !

IV

AND MAKES NURSERY RHYMES

1

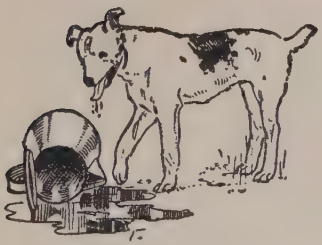
THE DINERS IN THE KITCHEN

Our dog Fred
Et the bread.

Our dog Dash
Et the hash.

Our dog Pete
Et the meat.

Our dog Davy
Et the gravy.



Our dog Toffy
Et the coffee.

Our dog Jake
Et the cake.

Our dog Trip
Et the dip.

And—the worst,
From the first,—

Our dog Fido
Et the pie-dough.

2

THE IMPERIOUS ANGLER

Miss Medairy Dory-Ann
Cast her line and caught a man,

But when he looked so pleased, alack!
She unhooked and plunked him back.—
"I never like to catch what I can,"
Said Miss Medairy Dory-Ann.

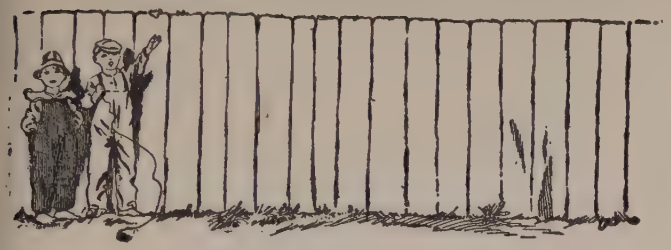
3

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

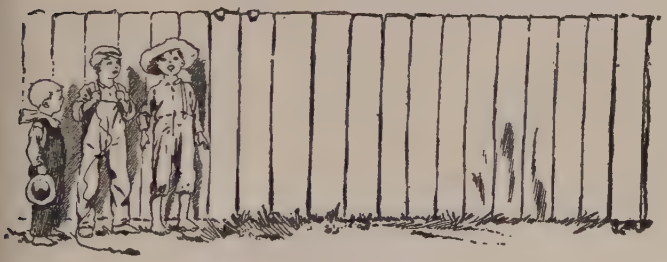
[*Voice from behind high board-fence.*]

"WHERE 's the crowd that dares to go
Where I dare to lead?—you know!"

"Well, here 's *one!*"
Shouts Ezry Dunn.



"Count me *two!*"
Yells Cootsy Drew.

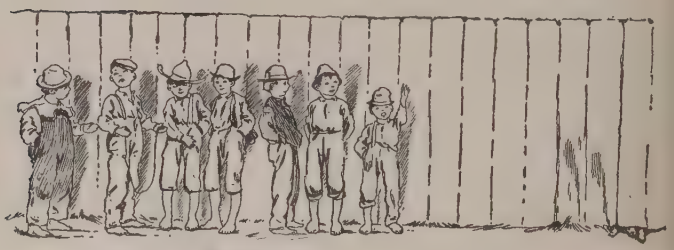


"Here 's yer *three!*"
Sings Babe Magee.

"Score me *four!*"
Roars Leech-hole Moore.

"Tally—*five!*"
Howls Jamesy Clive.

"I make *six!*"
Chirps Herbert Dix.



"Punctchul!—*seven!*"
Pipes Runt Replevin.

"Mark me *eight!*"
Grunts Mealbag Nate.

"I 'm yet *nine!*"
Growls "Lud'rick" Stein.

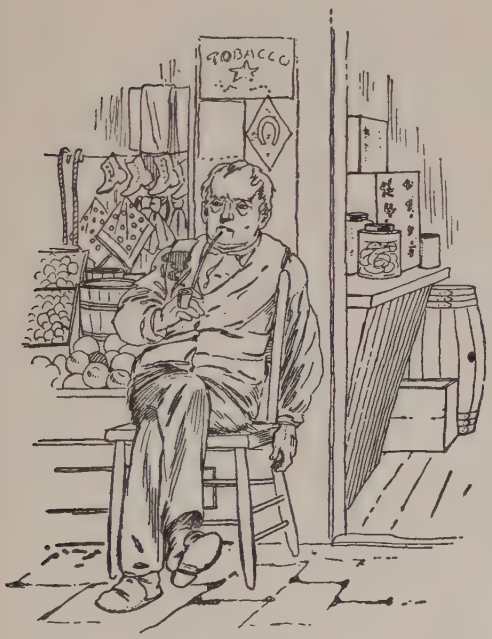
"Hi! here 's *ten!*"
Whoops Catfish Ben.

"And now we march, in daring line,
For the banks of Brandywine!"

4

"IT"

A WEE little worm in a hickory-nut
Sang, happy as he could be,—



"O I live in the heart of the whole round world,
And it all belongs to me!"

5

THE DARING PRINCE

A DARING prince, of the realm Rangg Dhune,
Once went up in a big balloon

That caught and stuck on the horns of the moon,
And he hung up there till next day noon—
When all at once he exclaimed, "Hoot-toot!"
And then came down in his parachute.

A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

Us-folks is purty *pore*—but M
She 's waitin'—two years more-
tel Pa
He serve his term out. Our P
he—
He 's in the Penitenchurrie!

Now don't you never *tell!*—'caus
Sis,
The *baby, she* don't know he is.-
'Cause she wuz only four, yo
know,
He kissed her last an' hat to go

Pa alluz liked Sis best of all
Us childern.—'Spect it 's 'cause she fall
When she 'uz ist a *child,* one day—
An' make her back look thataway.

A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

Pa—'fore he be a burglar—he 's
A locksmiff, an' maked locks, an' keys,
An' knobs you pull fer bells to ring,
An' he could ist make *anything !*—

'Cause our Ma *say* he can !
—*An'* this
Here little pair o' crutches
Sis
Skips round on—Pa maked
them—yes-sir !—
An' silivur-plate-name here
fer her !

Pa 's out o' work when
Chris'mus come
One time, an' stay away
from home,
An' 's drunk an' 'buse our Ma, an' swear
They ain't no "Old Kriss" anywhere !

An' Sis she alluz say they *wuz*
A' Old Kriss—an' she alluz does.
But ef they *is* a' Old Kriss, why,
When 's Chris'mus, Ma she alluz *cry ?*

This Chris'mus *now*, we live here in
Where Ma's rent 's alluz due ag'in—
An' she "*ist slaves*"—I heerd her say
She did—ist them words thataway!

An' th'other night, when all 's so cold
An' stove 's 'most out—our Ma she rolled
Us in th'old feather-bed an' said,
"To-morry 's Chris'mus—go to bed,

A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

"An' thank yer blessed stars fer this—
We don't '*spect* nothin' from Old Kriss!"
An' cried, an' locked the door, an' prayed,
An' turned the lamp down. . . . An' I laid

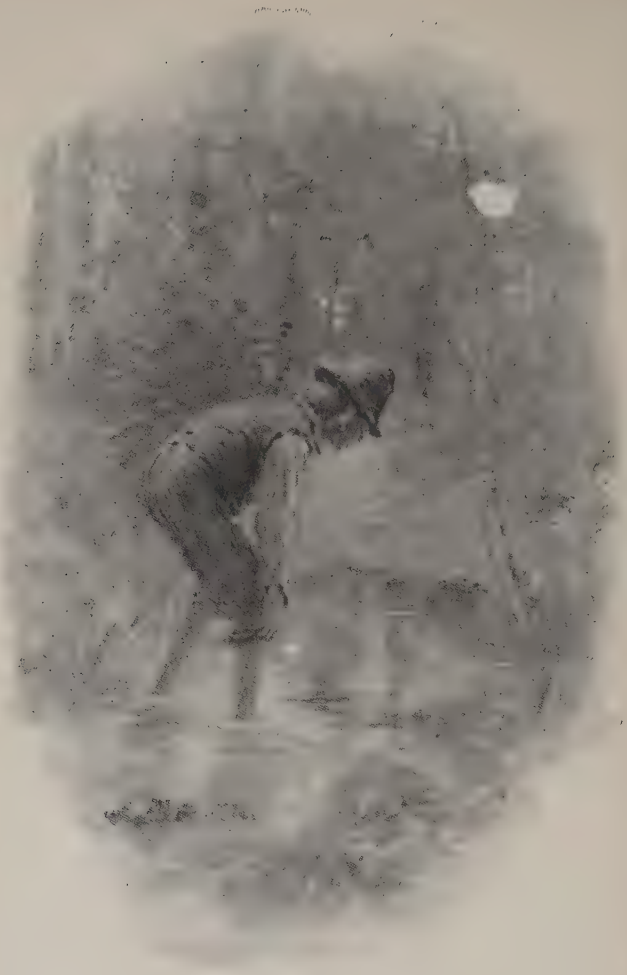
There, thinkin' in the dark ag'in,
"Ef *wuz* Old Kriss, he can't git in,
'Cause ain't no chimbly here at all—
Ist old stovepipe stuck frue the wall!"

I sleeped nen.—An' wuz dreamin' some
When I waked up an' morning 's come,—
Fer our Ma she wuz settin' square
Straight up in bed, a-readin' there

Some letter 'at she 'd read, an' quit,
An' nen hold like she 's huggin' it.—
An' diamon' ear-rings she don't *know*
Wuz in her ears tel I say so—

An' wake the rest up. An' the sun
In frue the winder dazzle-un
Them eyes o' Sis's, wiv a sure-
Enough gold chain Old Kriss bringed to 'er!

An' *all* of us git gold things!—Sis,
Though, say she know it "*ain't* Old Kriss—
He kissed her, so she waked an' saw
Him skite out—an' it wuz her Pa."



"ALONG THE BRINK OF WILD BROOK-WAYS."

A SONG OF SINGING

SING ! gangling lad, along the brink
  Of wild brook-ways of shoal and deep,
Where killdees dip, and cattle drink,
  And glinting little minnows leap !
Sing ! slimpsy lass who trips above
  And sets the foot-log quivering !
Sing ! bittern, bumble-bee, and dove—
    Sing ! Sing ! Sing !

Sing as you will, O singers all
  Who sing because you *want* to sing!
Sing ! peacock on the orchard wall,
  Or tree-toad by the trickling spring !
Sing ! every bird on every bough—
  Sing ! every living, loving thing—
Sing any song, and anyhow,
    But Sing ! Sing ! Sing !

THE JAYBIRD

THE Jaybird he 's my favor*ite*
Of all the birds they is!
I think he 's quite a stylish sight
In that blue suit of his:
An' when he 'lights an' shuts his wings,
His coat 's a "cutaway"—
I guess it 's only when he sings
You 'd know he wuz a jay.

I like to watch him when he 's lit
In top of any tree,
'Cause all birds git wite out of it
When *he* 'lights, an' they see
How proud he act', an' swell an' spread
His chest out more an' more,
An' raise the feathers on his head
Like it 's cut pompadore!

"I LIKE TO WATCH HIM."

A BEAR FAMILY

Wunst, 'way West in Illinoise,
Wuz two Bears an' their two boys:
An' the two boys' names, you know,
Wuz—like *ours* is,—Jim an' Jo;
An' their *parunts*' names wuz same's
All big grown-up people's names,—
Ist *Miz* Bear, the neighbers call
'Em, an' *Mister* Bear—'at 's all.
Yes—an' Miz Bear scold him, too,
Ist like grown folks *should n't* do!

Wuz a grea'-big river there,
An', 'crosst that, 's a mountain where
Old Bear said some day he 'd go,
Ef she don't quit scoldin' so!
So, one day when he been down
The river, fishin', 'most to town,
An' come back 'thout no fish a-tall,
An' Jim an' Jo they run an' bawl

An' tell their ma their pa hain't fetch'
No fish,—she scold again an' ketch
Her old broom up an' biff him, too.—

An' he ist cry, an' say, "*Boo-hoo!*
I *told* you what I 'd do some day!"
An' he ist turned an' runned away
To where 's the grea'-big river there,
An' ist *splunged* in an' swum to where
The mountain 's at, 'way th'other side,
An' clumbed up there. An' Miz Bear *cried*—
An' little Jo an' little Jim—
Ist like their ma—bofe cried fer him!—
But he clumbed on, *clean out o' sight*,
He wuz so mad!—An' served 'em right!

Nen—when the Bear got 'way on top
The mountain, he heerd somepin' flop
Its wings—an' somepin' else he heerd
A-rattlin'-like.—An' he wuz *skeerd*,
An' looked 'way up, an'—*Mercy sake!*—

It wuz a' Eagul an' a SNAKE!
An'-sir! the Snake, he bite an' kill'
The Eagul, an' they bofe fall till
They strike the ground—*k'spang-k'spat!*—
Wite where the Bear wuz standin' at!
An' when here come the Snake at *him*,
The Bear he think o' little Jim

An' Jo, he did—an' their ma, too,—
All safe at home; an' he ist flew
Back down the mountain—an' could hear
The old Snake rattlin', sharp an' clear,
Wite clos't behind!—An' Bear he 's so
All tired out, by time, you know,
He git down to the river there,
He know' he can't *swim* back to where
His folks is at. But ist wite nen
He see a boat an' six big men

'At 's been a-shootin' ducks: An' so
He skeerd them out the boat, you know,
An' ist jumped in—an' Snake *he* tried
To jump in, too, but falled outside
Where all the water wuz; an' so
The Bear grabs one the things you row
The boat wiv an' ist whacks the head
Of the old Snake an' kills him dead!—

An' when he 's killed him dead, w'y, nen
The old Snake 's drownded dead again !
Nen Bear set in the boat an' bowed
His back an' rowed—an' rowed—an' rowed—
Till he 's safe home—so tired he can't
Do nothin' but lay there an' pant
An' tell his childern, "Bresh my coat !"
An' tell his wife, "Go chain my boat !"
An' they 're so glad he 's back, they say
"They *knowed* he 's comin' thataway
To ist su'prise the dear ones there !"
An' Jim an' Jo they dried his hair

An' pulled the burrs out ; an' their ma
She ist set there an' helt his paw
Till he wuz sound asleep, an' nen
She tell' him she won't scold again—
Never—never—never—
Ferever an' ferever !

I

SONG

[W. S.]

WITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho rhyme!
O the shepherd lad
He is ne'er so glad
As when he pipes, in the blossom-time,
So rare!
While Kate picks by, yet looks not there.
So rare! so rare!
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!
The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho vow!
Then he sips her face
At the sweetest place—
And ho! how white is the hawthorn now!—
So rare!—
And the daisied world rocks round them there.
So rare! so rare!
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!
The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!

"WHILE KATE PICKS BY, YET LOOKS NOT THERE."

II

TO THE CHILD JULIA

[R. H.]

LITTLE Julia, since that we
May not as our elders be,
Let us blithely fill the days
Of our youth with pleasant plays.
First we 'll up at earliest dawn,
While as yet the dew is on
The sooth'd grasses and the pied
Blossomings of morningtide;
Next, with rinsèd cheeks that shine
As the enamell'd eglantine,
We will break our fast on bread
With both cream and honey spread;
Then, with many a challenge-call,
We will romp from house and hall,
Gypsying with the birds and bees
Of the green-tress'd garden trees.
In a bower of leaf and vine
Thou shalt be a lady fine
Held in duress by the great
Giant I shall personate.

Next, when many mimics more
Like to these we have played o'er,

We 'll betake us home-along
Hand in hand at evensong.

III

THE DOLLY'S MOTHER

[W. W.]

A LITTLE MAID, of summers four—
  Did you compute her years,—
And yet how infinitely more
  To me her age appears:

I mark the sweet child's serious air,
  At her unplayful play,—
The tiny doll she mothers there
  And lulls to sleep away,

Grows—'neath the grave similitude—
An infant real, to me,
And *she* a saint of motherhood
In hale maturity.

So, pausing in my lonely round,
And all unseen of her,
I stand uncovered—her profound
And abject worshipper.

"LEND ME THE BREATH OF A FRESHENING GALE."

IV

WIND OF THE SEA

[A. T.]

WIND of the Sea, come fill my sail—
Lend me the breath of a freshening gale
And bear my port-worn ship away!
For O the greed of the tedious town—
The shutters up and the shutters down!
Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay
And bear me away!—away!

Whither you bear me, Wind of the Sea,
Matters never the least to me:
Give me your fogs, with the sails adrip,
Or the weltering path thro' the starless night—
On, somewhere, is a new daylight
And the cheery glint of another ship
As its colors dip and dip!

Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay
And bear me away!—away!

V

SUBTLETY

[R. B.]

WHILST little Paul, convalescing, was staying
Close indoors, and his boisterous classmates paying

Him visits, with fresh school-notes and surprises,—
With nettling pride they sprung the word "Athletic,"
With much advice and urgings sympathetic
Anent "athletic exercises." Wise as
Lad might look, quoth Paul: "I 've pondered o'er
that
'Athletic,' but I mean to take, before that,
Downstairic and outdooric exercises."

VI

BORN TO THE PURPLE

[W. M.]

MOST-LIKE it was this kingly lad
Spake out of the pure joy he had
In his child-heart of the wee maid
Whose eerie beauty sudden laid
A spell upon him, and his words
Burst as a song of any bird's:—

A peerless Princess thou shalt be,
Through wit of love's rare sorcery:
To crown the crown of thy gold hair
Thou shalt have rubies, bleeding there
Their crimson splendor midst the marred
Pulp of great pearls, and afterward

Leaking in fainter ruddy stains
Adown thy neck-and-armlet-chains
Of turquoise, chrysoprase, and mad
Light-frenzied diamonds, dartling glad

Swift spirts of shine that interfuse
As though with lucent crystal dews
That glance and glitter like split rays
Of sunshine, born of burgeoning Mays
When the first bee tilts down the lip
Of the first blossom, and the drip
Of blended dew and honey heaves
Him blinded midst the underleaves.
For raiment, Fays shall weave for thee—
Out of the phosphor of the sea
And the frayed floss of starlight, spun
With counterwarp of the firm sun—
A vesture of such filmy sheen
As, through all ages, never queen
Therewith strove truly to make less
One fair line of her loveliness.
Thus gowned and crowned with gems and gold,
Thou shalt, through centuries untold,
Rule, ever young and ever fair,
As now thou rulest, smiling there.

OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze
Lives 'way up in the leaves o' trees.
An' wunst I slipped up-stairs to play
In Aunty's room, while she 'uz away ;
An' I clumbed up in her cushion-chair
An' ist peeked out o' the winder there ;
An' there I saw—wite out in the trees—
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze !

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze
Would bow an' bow, with the leaves in the breeze,
An' waggle his whiskers an' raggledy hair,
An' bow to me in the winder there !
An' I 'd peek out, an' he 'd peek in
An' waggle his whiskers an' bow ag'in,
Ist like the leaves 'u'd wave in the breeze—
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze !

"BOW TO ME IN THE WINDER THERE!"

WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze,
Seem-like, says to me: "See my bees
A-bringin' my dinner? An' see my cup
O' locus'-blossoms they 've plum' filled up?"
An' "*Um-yum, honey!*" wuz last he said,
An' waggled his whiskers an' bowed his head;
An' I yells, "Gimme some, won't you, please,
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze?"

LITTLE-GIRL-TWO-LITTLE-GIRLS

I 'm twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say
I 'm two little girls. An' one o' me
Is *Good* little girl ; an' th'other 'n' she
Is *Bad little girl as she can be !*
An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she 's the *funniest* Ma ! 'Cause when
My Doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,
W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh,
An' say, "Dear *Good* little girl, good-bye !—
Bad little girl 's comed here again !"

Last time 'at Ma act' thataway,
I cried all to myse'f awhile
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,
An' git my Doll all fix' in style,
An' go in where Ma 's at, an' say :
"*Morning to you, Mommy dear!*
Where 's that Bad little girl wuz here?
Bad little girl 's goned clean away,
An' Good little girl 's comed back to stay."

A GUSTATORY ACHIEVEMENT

LAST Thanksgivin'-dinner we
Et at Granny's house, an' she

Had—ist like she alluz does—
Most an' best pies ever wuz.

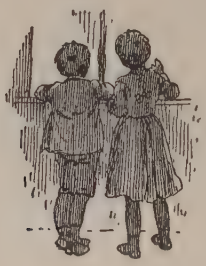
Canned *black*burry-pie an' *goose*-
Burry, squshin'-full o' juice;
An' *roz*burry—yes, an' plum—
Yes, an' *churry*-pie—*um-yum!*

Peach an' punkin, too, you bet.
Lawzy! I kin taste 'em yet!
Yes, an' *custard*-pie, an' *mince!*
. . . . .
An'—I—*ain't*—et—no—pie—since!

CLIMATIC SORCERY

WHEN frost 's all on our winder, an' the snow 's
All out-o'-doors, our "Old-Kriss"-milkman goes
A-drivin' round, ist purt'-nigh froze to death,
With his old white mustache froze full o' breath.

But when it 's summer an' all warm ag'in,
He comes a-whistlin' an' a-drivin' in
Our alley, 'thout no coat on, ner ain't cold,
Ner his mustache ain't white, ner he ain't old.



"OUR 'OLD-KRISS'-MILKMAN."

A PARENT REPRIMANDED

SOMETIMES I think 'at Parunts does
Things ist about as bad as *us*—

Wite 'fore our vurry eyes, at that!
Fer one time Pa he scold' my Ma
'Cause he can't find his hat;
An' she ist *cried*, she did! An' I
Says, "Ef you scold my Ma
Ever again an' make her cry,
W'y, you sha'n't *be* my Pa!"
An' nen he laugh' an' find his hat
Ist wite where Ma she said it 's at!

"THE CHILDISH DREAMS IN HIS WISE OLD HEAD."

THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN

O THE NIGHT was dark and the night was late,
And the robbers came to rob him;
And they picked the locks of his palace-gate,
The robbers that came to rob him—
They picked the locks of his palace-gate,
Seized his jewels and gems of state,
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate,—
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red!—
For of what had the robbers robbed him?—
Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,
When the robbers came to rob him,—
They robbed him not of a golden shred
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head—
"And they 're welcome to all things else," he said,
When the robbers came to rob him.

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